

Novalis'

Hymns To The Night

Revealed



Original Poem Copyright Georg Philipp Friedrich Feiherr von
Hardenberg: "Sous La Plume" Novalis 1800
Mine Apology is begun on March 17 2014

Apology Part One

The first stage of Novalis' Hymn is the first stage of both falling to sleep tonight and falling asleep in Christ. Here he is referring to that initial queue of dying where di-methyl-tryptamine (D.M.T.) dilates all the capillaries in the tissues of the host subject and expiating remaining oxygen while remaining dilate (by diametrical opposition to the living state, where miosis, a condition of contraction, would take place): releases.

This first stage of still, this quiescent dream as a gentle and long ripple floating through a great space, is only one among other stages all through the night. Novalis states: "Afar lies the world, sunk in a deep grave; waste and lonely is its place. In the chords of the bosom blows a deep sadness. I am ready to sink away in drops of dew and mingle with the ashes."

Now Novalis is suggesting the opaque change in tone from the earlier line: "Before all the wondrous shadows of the widespread space around him, what living, sentient thing loves not the all-joyous light, with its colors, its rays and undulations, its gentle

omnipresence in the form of the waking Day? (Opening Line)

In this new change from the sharp imagery of D.M.T. to the ashes, Novalis is continuing to other places in eternity. “In other regions the light has pitched its joyous tents. What if it should never return to its children, who wait for it with the faith of innocence?”

Novalis here could best be compared with the situation of just when to evacuate an home before a flood. You wait too long and then you need rescue by boat or helicopter and so these souls Novalis writes of wait for rescue.

Next Novalis says: “What springs up all at once so sweetly boding in mine heart, and stills the soft air of sadness? Dost thou also take a pleasure in us, dark Night?” This “dark Night” Novalis refers to is Nyx, the goddess of the Night and not Erebus the goddess of darkness. Dark Night within Novalis is a subtle hint of Nubia and beauty of dark skin however the operant here is expressed under the image of the opium poppy. That carnival of bio-luminescence in night dreams that fakes reality by shining rather than being shone.

In Song of Songs 5:11-16 it says: “His head is as the most fine gold, His locks are bushy, and black as a

raven. His eyes are like doves beside the water broods; washed with milk and fitly set. His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as banks of sweet herbs; his lips are as lilies, dripping liquid myrrh. His hands are as rings of gold set with beryl; His body is as ivory work overlaid with sapphires. His legs are as pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold. His aspect is like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this my friend, O Daughters of Jerusalem.”

Song of Songs is the Anabasis; this night of the afterlife has regions where some search for Christ and others wait. Neither is correct over the other; it is only that some are intrepid voyagers while others are avid home-bodies.

Hymns says: “Thou upliftest the heavy-laden wings of the soul. Darkly and inexpressibly are we moved, joy-startled, I see a grave face that, tender and worshipful, inclines toward me, and , amid manifold entangled locks, reveals the youthful loveliness of the Mother.”

Novalis in this phase of phrase is giving us an understanding of his vision of Jesus who has Mother Mary in Him and so Novalis has a masculine regard for the subtle feminine aspect in Jesus with Mary

obscured and lost in Love of Jesus within Himself. Giving up as-it-were her countenance unique for Jesus' under an emulation of Love, annihilate from sensible form and preserving substantial spirit.

Where I have quoted from Song of Songs 5:11-16 is and was underlying Mary's knowledge so while on the way of the Cross and looking for her son, she stopped to ask the women of Jerusalem whom asked Mary for a description of Her Son and She gave forth those most prophetic words.

Novalis now sees Jesus and Mary in one face and that face is the emulation of Love. A little later in Song of Songs 8:6 it shall have read: "The emulation of Love is as strong as Death and as hard as Hell."

Hymns says: "How poor and childish a thing seems to me now, the Light—How joyous and welcome the departure of the day—because the Night turns away from thee thy servants, you now strew in the gulfs of space those flashing globes, to proclaim thine omnipotence—thy return—in seasons of thine absence." It shows the reader there is a journey of maturation in the after-life where we finally let go of the past as history; debarking onto the unknown sphere of wonder.

For maturity sake, God may obscure His presents even though He never leaves the host subject: the person. In theory, this took place when the Angel Gabriel left the Blessed Mother upon delivering his message and Her positive response. At that moment when God's presents was obscured from Mary and the Holy Spirit made His descent into Her Heart, it bled for the sensible and sudden apparent loss of God's presents. And when after Her magnanimous heart bled, it produced the most sensible Christ-child in Her womb. This is Novalis' point about us long after we leave the sensible flesh behind and embark on God more integrated within us than "produced" from outside of us as a "vision."

"What holdest thou under thy mantle, that with hidden power affects my soul?" Toward the end of the first part, Novalis touches on an ascent or anabasis toward Love's bliss which a little later He will call "The Flower Chalice of Almighty Love."

The angelic light for this poem is far off from human flesh yet is its perfection in state. Hymns says: "Father they see than the palest of those countless hosts—needing no aid from the light (i.e. cosmic light), they penetrate the depths of a loving soul—that fills a

loftier region (loft-“Tier” i.e. third heaven aloft) with bliss ineffable.”

Finally Novalis glorifies the “Queen of the world” as sending the Christ-child to Novalis in his metamorphosis into heavenly bliss. Hymns says: “For now am I thine and mine—” Novalis is suggesting he was never fully his own in life and now possesses himself in the fullest cosmic sense. “Thou hast made me know the night” (his unconscious mind) “—made of me a man—” For Novalis, the effeminacy of the eighteenth century is in need of metamorphosis into manly courage.

Hymns says: “consume with spirit-fire my body, that I, turned to finer air, may mingle more closely with thee, and then our bride night endure forever.”

2 Kings 2:11 “As they walked on conversing (Elijah and Elisha) a flaming chariot and flaming horses came between them, and Elijah went up to heaven in a whirlwind.

Numbers 11:1-3 “Now the people complained in the hearing of the Lord; and when he heard it his wrath flared up so that the fire of the Lord burned among them and consumed the outskirts of the camp. But

when the people cried out to Moses, he prayed to the Lord and the fire died out. Hence that place was called Taberah, because there the fire of the Lord burned among them.”

Novalis means to be consummated in the extirpative whirlwind of Elijah and also Enoch in Genesis 5:24 as is Jesus continuously upon His dying Cross.

Wisdom 4:10-11 says, “He who pleased God was loved; he who lived among sinners was transported—Snatched away, lest wickedness pervert his mind or deceit beguile his soul;”

Hebrews 11:5,6 says, “By faith Enoch was taken up so that he should not see death, and ‘he was found no more because God had taken him.’ Before he was taken up, he was attested to have pleased God. But without faith it is impossible to please Him, for anyone who approaches God must believe that He exists and that He rewards those who seek Him.”

So Novalis makes it clear in his opening that he is not among the ones waiting at shore for God; he is going fishing for His Duc In Altum!

Apology

Part two

Novalis in this stage is seeing the wrestling the gods have, and himself same, of letting go of life in its supernatural grandeur. This goes beyond the simple awe at life to the awe of sub-creation or the lesser ability to recreate infinity. Love's hidden sacrifice cannot burn eternally until all have either willingly gone from this place of Lordship by dying-undying love for the unknowable God or have been ejected by history's gravity to bring the heavens into question in a final tally.

Hymns says: "To the Light a season was set; but everlasting and boundless is the dominion of the Night.—Endless is the duration of sleep. Holy Sleep—"

Some in our own generation have discovered divinization through drugging (I being One) as in Aristotelian times, divinization through dreaming; so drugging is breaking and entering on the dream world (as has said my friend Jack from Palo Alto) and it has been reported to produce visions of dwarf like

creatures. These creatures don't have the same exaltation as do these minor gods, though they are people who went to a live-long place but did not stop growing in body; their earlobes being very long and their feet very large because of their great temporal age. The minor gods stopped growing or aging altogether and so have higher altitude in hierarchy.

Hymns says: "Fools alone mistake thee, knowing nought of sleep but the shadow which, in the twilight of the real Night, thou pitifully castest over us."

In this life we know the morning dawning, however Novalis is calling this form of light a type of sleepless shroud in a wrestles exile of mournful weeping. His "real Night" is that more joyous drape of relinquished history, where, even the Bible has no more needful use. While all-the-same that Testament of God becomes only a silent diadem on the unfading crown of His Victory!

Hymns says: "They feel thee not in the golden flood of the grapes—in the magic oil of the almond tree—and brown juice of the poppy."

Proverbs 31:6 “Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.”

Isaiah 25:6 “And in this mountain shall the Lord of Hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees (“the golden flood of grapes”) of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined.”

Psalms 104:15 “And wine maketh glad the heart of man, and oil makes his face to shine, and bread strengthens his heart.”

These three verses I’ve chosen reveal God’s brooding desire to give us consolation in pain under the form of comfort in wine or opium. We must remember however that God’s wine and opium are not earthly and have not the same emptying affects of these substrates. It takes us deeper and hence higher than the dwarves at times outer limits, higher still than the minor gods, and finally even higher than the angels; toward an unthinking yet emotionally reciprocal relationship of God in and as us; we being “lost” in emulation of His burning Love.

Hymns says: “They know not that it is thou who hauntest the bosom of the tender maiden, and makest an heaven of her lap—never suspect it is thou, opening the doors to Heaven, that steppest to meet them out of ancient stories, bearing the key to the dwellings of the blessed, silent messenger of secrets infinite.”

That innocent night, Nyx so bedight to Novalis; it is that Womb of all, that seat of all Wisdom from which without sentient intuition are intuited the sentiments of true and lasting Love, the key to dwelling above the phonetic delivery of secrets into the silent infinite.

Apology
Part
Three

Oh Novalis, there's an heaven for us all!

Hymns says: "Once when I was shedding bitter tears, when, dissolved in pain, mine hope was melting away, and I stood alone by the barren mound which in its narrow dark bosom hid the vanished form of my life (Mine Leben) —lonely as never yet was lonely man, driven by anxiety unspeakable—powerless, and no longer anything but a conscious misery."

These opening lines are concerning souls caught between unrequited desires in life and leaving those things of sensible life behind for the frontier (3rd heaven) of the unknown. If any lesson is intended to be conveyed by Novalis here it is: to work out the phantoms of desire here and now so when we get to this stage of eternity, we will let go with majesty and ease...to awe without shock, only in its voided absents: Wonder!...Land

Hymns says: "As there I looked about me for help, unable to go on or to turn back, and clung to the fleeting, extinguished life with an endless longing:"

At this stage, he is subtly referring to a phenomenon of yoga dreaming, where, once let go of the scenario of a dream (i.e. life's day to day action in a night-dream) then "endless longing" causes the soul-mind to involute on itself and cross a very wide void.

Next, Hymns says: "—then, out of the blue distances—from the hills of mine ancient bliss, came a shiver of twilight—and at once snapt the bond of birth—the chains of the Light."

In yoga dreaming, the light at the end of the long dark tunnel starts blue, then as that bindu of blue grows in hue, a small green speck emerges and as it comes in to focus, it reveals itself: the field of all dreams.

Vanessa Carlton's song "Twilight" is the "Mach-Barrier," where here if the subject is not yet ready to let go of the all joyous Light of day, then they reawake by tossing and turning.

Vanessa says: "And I always knew, what was right, I just didn't know that I might, peel away and choose to see with such a different sight..."

Here it's like Novalis is calling out to Vanessa in an "aquatic" (i.e. crystal ball) vision from 1800 and saying to her: "Away fled the glory of the world, and with my

morning—the sadness flowed together into a new world—Thou, Night-inspiration, heavenly Slumber, didn't come upon me—the region gently upheaved itself; over it hovered mine unbound, new born spirit.”

Here when we all wake up from this yoga dream like a snot dripping from the nose departs not for the ground but rather hugger-muggers itself back into the sinus cavity, shall arrive back in our bed cloths with morning breath and Saskatchewan hair.

Hymns says: “The mound became a cloud of dust—and through the cloud I saw the glorified face of my beloved. In Her eyes eternity reposed—I laid hold of her hands, and the tears became a sparkling bond that could not be broken.”

Novalis has gone from the face of Jesus into His Heart's face, that of Mary His Mother. Novalis now abides on Her “Love Lap”, holding hands with Her.

Hymns says: “Into the distance swept by, like a tempest, thousands of years. On Her neck I welcomed the new life with ecstatic tears. It was the first, the only dream—and just since then I have held fast an eternal, unchangeable faith in the heaven of the Night, and its Light, the Beloved.”

In interpretations of Song of Songs, it speaks of Jesus as the “Lover” and Mary His Mother as the “Beloved.” This of course is pure and chaste all-be-it fiery and white molten hot with passion-compassion.

So Novalis takes this journey in Christ to the “Lap Land” of Mary’s “abundant Breast” (Isaiah 66:11) where from there Mary and Novalis (already being in Jesus) descend for some long distance into Herself same Heart who is so Beloved by God in Jesus Her Son.

Apology
Part
Four

Novalis says: “Now I know when will come the last morning—when the Light no more scares away the Night and Love—when sleep shall be without waking, and but one continuous dream.”

These words of Novalis echo through the other parts of this poem. Leaving the desire to revel in living, and escape the gravity of reincarnating. No more waking back to earthly lives; only dreaming the endless dream of Love!

Hymns says: “The crystal wave, which, imperceptible to the ordinary sense, springs in the dark bosom of the mound against who’s foot breaks the flood of the world, he who has tasted it he who has stood on the mountain frontier of the world, and looked across into the new land, into the abode of the Night—truly he turns not again into the tumult of the world, into the land where dwells the Light in ceaseless unrest.”

The “crystal wave” Novalis speaks of here may be paralleled by the M theory in physics where other dimensional zones in the cosmos become perceptible

in math where they are not perceptible to the “naked” senses dwelling in the three basic dimensions of common cosmic time out of eleven total mathematical dimensions.

“Springs in the dark bosom of the mound” is Novalis’ way of saying what W.H. Auden said: “Heroic charity is rare, and without it what except despair can shape the hero, who would dare the desperate catabasys into the snarl of the abyss, that always lies just underneath the (our) jolly picnic on the heath of the agreeable.”

Auden uses the personal pronoun, however for to endeavor to be heroic, it serficeth to say the jolly picnic.

Those of whom posses wisdom, are, to Novalis, the ones whom take a risk they cannot see in the sea and the mirror.

“Against who’s foot breaks the flood of the world...”

Here he refers to the Cross of Christ which to quote scripture: “Shatters kings in the day of His wrath. He shall drink from the stream by the wayside wherefore He shall lift up His head.” (Psalm 109/110:4)

This gives us the courage to look into the Nightly abyss, that when it does look back into us, it shows us heaven

within. Here is where there is rest from the “world’s ceaseless unrest.”

“On those heights he builds for himself tabernacles—tabernacles of peace, there longs and loves and gazes across, until the welcomest of all hours draws him down into the water of the spring—afloat above remains what is earthly, and is swept back in storms, but what became holy by the touch of love, runs free through hidden ways to the region beyond, where, like fragrances, it mingles with love asleep.”

Theresa of Avila speaks of this in “The Interior Castle” concerning the interior life; going so far inside that the tumultuous noise of life dies always. Though this poem was written in 1800, Novalis is prophetic of the vision in Lourdes France beginning on February 11, 1858. These visions produced a spring from the hands of Bernadette Subirous, who did it out of unknowing for what the Lady was asking for. This spring began and has not ceased healing people where once Massabielle was for the burning of infectious waste from the local hospital.

Novalis’ warning to us all is to learn how to love in this life so in the great beyond we may “Mingle with Love asleep.”

Hymns says: “Gladly will I stir busy hands, everywhere behold where thou hast need of me—praise the lustre of thy splendor—“

Luke 17:7-10 “Who among you would say to your servant who has just come in from the field, ‘Come here immediately and take your place at table’? Would he not rather say to him, ‘Prepare something for me to eat. Put on your apron and wait on me while I eat and drink. You may eat and drink when I am finished’? Is he grateful to that servant because he did what was commanded? So shall it be with you. When you have done all you have been commanded, say ‘We are unprofitable servants; we have done what we were obliged to do.’”

As you my reader can see Jesus’ words seem harsh, however His servitude is easy and His burden is light. St. Thérèse De Lisieux said to God: “Let me spend my heaven helping them (people in general).” Because God gives us a joy to work and like the guardian angel Clarence in “It’s a Wonderful Life” makes it joyous work for Clarence.

Hymns says: “But true to the Night remains my secret heart, and to creative Love, her daughter.”

Creative Love makes this service a joy and not a drudge, i.e. a dredging of a river for boat channels; cause dredging is a rut and that's a drudge.

As the poem cascades down the matrix of this exposition, Novalis finds an heart true! Indeed how rare. He wants to know if the Great Lady will press him into the caressing of the word." "Or was it she whom gave to thy jewels an higher, a dearer weight? What delight, what pleasure offers thy life, to outweigh the transports of Death? Wears not everything that inspires us the color of the Night? She sustains thee mother –like, and to her thou owest all thy glory."

Novalis is saying that the Mother of all Wisdom is the source of all Joy and to God is the glory of Her being so to Her be the glory of this Joy.

Hymns says: "Truly I was, before thou wast—the mother sent me with my brother and sisters to inhabit thy world, to hallow it with love that it might be an ever-present memorial—to plant it with flowers unfading."

Victor Hugo in his poem *Rêves* which I translate as: "And his family forsakes the room he has raked with an old iron-side," is a good example of Hymns here. Of

course Novalis is speaking of the Christ-child precluding her as a goddess, yet still blessing her with being Mother to Him who was, is and ever shall be. This puts her on equal footing with the Son of God, however not equal to the footing of the Father God of God.

Song of Songs 3:1 “On my bed at night I sought Him whom mine heart loves—I sought Him but I did not find Him. I will rise then and go about the city; in the streets and crossings I will seek Him whom mine heart loves.”

In Song of Songs, the Mother is the beloved and Jesus is the Lover. Here however at this part of the verse, the Mother becomes the Lover and Jesus becomes the Beloved.

That’s Novalis’ point, namely: that the Mother will transform him [Novalis] from beloved to Lover.

Novalis is now allowing the Mother to mold him into that divine emulation of Love which seeks not its own joy, rather the joy of other’s.

He seeks the pace of God’s cardio pacemaker to make peace with this divine integration of Love in the great beyond.

Hymns says: "Thou would'st vanish into thyself—in boundless space thou would'st dissolve, if she did not hold thee fast, if she swaddled thee not, so that thou grewest warm and flaming, begot the universe."

Matthew 14:28-33 "Lord, if it is you, command me to come to you on the water." He said: "Come." Peter got out of the boat and began to walk on the water toward Jesus. But when he saw how [strong] the wind was, he became frightened; and, beginning to sink, he cried out, "Lord, save me!!!" Immediately Jesus stretched out His hand and caught him, and said to him: "O you of little faith, why did you doubt?" After they got into the boat, the wind died down. Those who were in the boat did Him homage, saying: "Truly, you are the Son of God!"

This quote of the Gospel is reflected in Novalis' phrasing the Mother as Jesus under cover of Her holding Novalis afloat over the vast unconscious nexus of humanity. Since Novalis doesn't sink, he's able to appreciate the largesse of so many individuals taken as one human being.

The yet not ripened fruit is ripened in this trek across the ocean of human thoughts from all history. The Woman of Wisdom, more supple and subtle than a

Boethian woman, caresses him to and through the infusion of knowledge. This knowledge is not rocket science. It is knowledge yet of the whole of every person's personal life experience at one time rather than only one at a time.

Hymns says: "With wild pangs I recognize thy distance from our home, thy resistance against the ancient, glorious heaven. Thy rage and thy raving are in vain. Unscorchable stands the Cross—victory-banner of our breed."

Next Novalis goes into a lyrical phrasing of limerick style as his first, last and only testament of requisition to God of his will.

"Over I journey
And for each pain
A pleasant sting only
Shall one day remain." Quotes Novalis.

Sting: Nothing Like The Sun. Song: "TH3 Lazarus Heart"
"He looked beneath his shirt today
There was a wound in his flesh so deep and wide
From the wound a lovely flower grew
From somewhere deep inside
He turned around to face his mother

To show her the wound in his breast that burned like a
brand

But the sword that cut him open
Was the sword in his mother's hand

Every day another miracle...

Though the sword was his protection
The sword itself would give him power
The power to remake himself at the time of his darkest
hour

She said the wound would give him courage and pain
The kind of pain that you can't hide
From the wound a lovely flower grew
From somewhere deep inside."

Novalis says:

"Yet in a few moments
Then free am I,
And intoxicated
In love's lap lie."

My own pain in this life is akin to the sword in Lazarus'
chest and here intoxicated in Love's lap lie I. Why "I"
and yet not me? Novalis makes me wonder and "I"
fades away into the cloud of the unknowing.

So long have I longed for the Lap-Land of Mary! With
Novalis and the rest of souls who gave to the grave
what was the grave's and to God what is eternally
God's; I say: "Every day another miracle
Only death will tear us apart
To sacrifice a life for yours
I'd be the blood of the Lazarus heart,
I'd be the blood of the Lazarus heart.

Novalis ends the Fourth Part thus:

"Draw till I'm gone,
That, fallen asleep, I
Still may love on.
I feel the flow of
Death's youth-giving flood
To balsam and æther
Transform my blood--
I live all the daytime
In faith and in might
And in Holy Fire
I die ever night."

Apology
Part
Five

Novalis begins this stage in light of those who lived before the Messiah in those long foreboding epochs waiting with quiescent anticipation.

Novalis says: “In ancient times, over the widespread families of men an iron Fate ruled with dumb force. A gloomy oppression swathed their heavy souls—”

Now Novalis uses these words: “—the earth was boundless—the abode of the gods and their home.” Here he is giving some portrait of antediluvian epochs where gods and giants made the earth their abode.

Hymns says: “From eternal ages stood its mysterious structure.” By this, Novalis is mapping the terra firma of that ancient earthly beauty from before the great flood when the Garden of Eden was not yet obscured though completely inaccessible.

Hymns chimes: “Fast beneath mountains lay the first-born sons of mother Earth.”

Genesis in the Bible doesn’t cover all the obscure details of the daily lives of Adam and Eve. In Chapter 6

it says: v1: "When men began to multiply on earth and daughters were born to them." V2: "the sons of God couched with the daughters of men and produced the giants and Nephilim."

The "Sons of God" or sons of heaven are men whom St. Augustine attributed to the Sons of Seth whom were born alongside Cain's sons and "daughters of men." In theory, Cain may be the "missing link" Charles Darwin was looking for.

If St. Augustine in the "City of God" is true, then the Nephilim are the pantheon of immortal gods and the giants are the largesse humans with super strength.

The Nephilim have a connection to the teraphim from Genesis 31 where Rachel (daughter of Laban a gentile) takes the teraphim from her father Lababn when her husband Jacob makes his get-a-way. She hides it in a leather saddle bag and sits on it. When Laban comes looking for it, she claims that she cannot get up because she is menstruating. Something considered unclean to the Jews and Gentiles of that time and hence she would be required to keep seated.

These teraphim are statuettes of the antediluvian gods whom the ancestors worshiped for giving them

protection from the monstrous creatures that roamed the earth before the flood.

Assuming St. Augustine is right, then when in Genesis 4:16 Cain goes east of Eden to Caspia, the hyrcainan region just under the Caspian Sea, he begins his lineage in verses 17-24; then Adam and Eve conceive another child and name him Seth (“shat” God has granted) and he takes names from Cain’s lineage though not all.

While Seth and Cain were bearing descendants, those of Seth’s children found the daughters of Cain attractive and couched with them.

As to Novalis and the “first born sons of earth,” in “The Forgotten Books of Eden” Book I chapter One verse 9 says: “And God commanded him (Adam and Eve) to dwell there in a cave in a rock—the Cave of Treasures below the garden [of Eden].”

This was on the western boarder of the Garden and is Novalis’ reference to the Sons of Seth after Able was killed whom dwelt in the Cave of Treasures.

Hymns says: “Fast beneath mountains lay the first born sons of mother Earth...”

So Novalis could have been reading from some ones of these sources of Apocrypha when he writes this line.

Hymns: “Helpless in their destroying fury against the new, glorious race of gods, and their kindred glad-hearted men.”

Indeed not every one of Seth’s children disobediently couched with Cain’s children; no, some sons stayed (and daughters of Seth as well) and would certainly have contentions with this “new race” of super beings.

Hymns says: “The Ocean’s dark green abyss was the lap of a goddess. In crystal grottos reveled a luxuriant folk. Rivers, trees, flowers and beasts had human wits.”

This is the strawberry field or the wonderland of Lewis Carol. In fact a little later Novails will coin the phrase: Wonderland. There, where, a Walrus and a Carpenter could have an intelligent conversation and all the more later with oysters.

Hymns says: “Sweeter tasted the wine—poured out by Youth-abundance—a god in the grape-clusters—a loving, motherly goddess upgrew in the full golden sheaves—love’s sacred inebriation was a sweet worship of the fairest of the god-Ladies—”

Sully Prudhomme in “Metaphysique” quotes: [by my translation] “Sensing that he needs a bed, a cradle
Beth-le-hem, A spring where life incessantly imbibes,
His name the substance where faces Death-le-hem!”

Of course Prudhomme is railing at crystal luxury, saying it is Death incognito. However, after review of Novalis and scripture as we, my readers, have done together earlier; it shows us that the God of gods has similar if not self-same things in store for us in heaven. So Prudhomme is more centered on a pagan anti-Christian person who self divinizes and Novalis is subtly revealing the God of gods heaven through dying.

Hymns chimes: “—Life rustled through the centuries like one spring-time, an ever-variegated festival of heaven-children and earth-dwellers.”

Druggers like myself (note not: “druggie”) have had this experience of a very beautiful yet brief day high on mescaline. The sun seems to go up then straight down.

“All races childlike adored the ethereal, thousand-fold flame as the one sublimest thing in the world.”

Prudhomme again in *Metaphysique*:

“Blessed with a strong support,
fort of a faith sensed;
From these gross altars he negligées the fire.
And, noble for neither obeying in ‘would’ the laws of
thought,
He knew then who’s name is God!”

I want to compare Novalis to Enoch and Sully Prudhomme to Elías. Novalis is passively in description and Prudhomme is actively excoriating. Sully puns in “Blessed with a strong support” to Novalis’ “All races child-like adored the ethereal,”

“From these gross altars he negligées the fire” I personalize as Jimmy Hendrix kneeling before his flaming guitar...for a visual.

Hymns says: “There was but one notion, an horrible dream-shape—”

Then Novalis goes into poetic stanza from poetic prose to delineate the shape of the horrible dream...
[Prudhomme]: “He knew then who’s name is God!”

[Novalis]: “’Twas Death who broke the banquet up with fears,
With anguish, dire pain, and bitter tears.”

Death is this “horrible dream shape” that even minor gods are feared of. In Sully Prudhomme’s poem *Metaphysique*, he speaks of what he, I will say, is one and the same man in prophesy.

The second stanza relates how “Death’s rocky cliff” shall separate the union of families and people for some space of eternity and leave them segmented in the alone.

The third stanza quotes:

“With daring spirit and a passion deep,
Did man ameliorate the horrid blight,”

The word ameliorate is to draw out like puss the horrid blight of Death from keeping the human family separated by “phlegant” [flagrant] segments. Once this horrid blight has been ameliorated, is that point for which Novalis speaks of himself as unified with his unconscious as never when he was in life. It is sufficient for you, my readers, to understand this was in Novalis’ imagination and not in actuality. If you, my dear reader, will indulge yourselves in a read of “The Acting Person,” you will gain some insight into how Novalis is able to put his imagination to a kind of

actualized experience of dying and going through the full metamorphosis. It is to laud Novalis here!

After these three versicles, Novalis goes back to poetic prose.

“The old world began to decline. The pleasure-garden of the young race withered away—”

Novalis goes into a repertoire connoting the end of Valhalla by Chæos. “The gods vanished with their retinue—”

He’s drawing up to the end of time by this stage and the final fate of all fallen gods; those one’s who did not go with the others into the abode of the unknowable creator God before the end. “Nature stood alone and lifeless; Dry Number and rigid Measure bound it with iron chains. Into dust and air the priceless blossoms of life fell away in words obscure.” He goes into further descriptions of the dissipation of all things for it is believed by Novalis that all things and people shall have died before the new coming of the kingdom of resurrection. The flowers and animals and any of the minor gods who embraced the unknown God shall be include on this new plain of existence.

Hymns chimes: “The Night became the mighty womb of revelations—into it the gods went back—and fell asleep, to go abroad in new and more glorious shapes over the transfigured world.”

The next few lines reveal to us that the predestined minor gods, for there shall be no odds on any of them not making it to eternal everlasting heaven, shall be the last to be saved for they served themselves first in infinite time however now the last to be saved have become the first in Heaven, for the first shall be last and the last shall be first. Consider reader, how you might feel on that day when they are so regaled in God’s Glory after an infinity of lonely delights. Will you or I say: ‘Why have they received the same pay-scale as us who had to suffer through time? While though they were lonely, they had such ephemeral delights that we never had.’

Hymns chimes: “Among the people who too early were become of all the most scornful and insolently estranged from the blessed innocence of youth, appeared the New World with a face never seen before—in the poverty of a poetic shelter—a son of the first virgin mother—the eternal fruit of mysterious embrace.”

This allusion is to the house of Loreto and how we will all meet there, even the gods. And when we are all assembled, we shall have become God with God and no longer see Him, rather Be Him!

Hymns: “The foreboding, rich-blossoming wisdom of the East at once recognized the beginning of the new age—A star showed the way to the humble cradle of the king. In the name of the distant future, they did him homage with lustre and fragrance, the highest wonders of Nature.”

These were the Wise-men: Balthazar, Melchior, and Caspar, who were from the east of Jerusalem and were of a very ancient orthodox rite from Melchizedek who was the diplomatic legit for Abram [not yet Abraham] between Sodom and the Hyrcainian tribe leader. Melchizedek offered the first “Pic-Nic” of Bread and Wine; indeed the very translatory meaning of Pic-Nic is to Nyx an ax to grind. Here Nyx means to put to bed for the night or put to rest, as has been stated earlier.

Hymns chimes: “In solitude the heavenly heart unfolded to a flower-chalice of almighty Love—upturned toward the supreme face of the father, and resting on the bliss-foreboding bosom of the sweetly solemn mother.”

Let us pause here, travelers to appreciate some the best lines in poetry ever written:.....

...

O.k., we're back.

Here is that moment alone before the human family reunion where Novalis sees it as a chalice unfolding like a rose opening and the heavenly aroma fills the new-born sense with a Love more ineffable than has ever been felt in History, even surpassing that of Jesus' crucifixion for us; for in that day "all tears [yes, even God's] shall be wiped away" and Jesus' Love open to the new life as though He never entered history at all, nor as though we entered history either. Not to efface Himself or History, rather it shall not matter any longer.

"With deifying fervor the prophetic eye of the blooming child beheld the years to come, foresaw, untroubled over the earthly lot of his own days, the beloved offspring of His divine stem. Ere long the most childlike souls, by true love marvelously possessed, gathered about Him."

Novalis makes his poetic portrait of scripture well in the obscurities of the craft [of poetry]. It is the

Messiah now come to win over the dark monster:
Death.

The “singer to Palestine” is a concomitant character of St. Nicodemus the holy Pharisee and Caspar the third of the elder wise-men; twelve beloved elders whom out of those twelve, Caspar being the third of a beloved triad [Balthazar and Melchior the other two]. It describes this man’s action thus: “Hard he wrestled with the terrors of old Death—Heavy lay the weight of the old world upon him. Yet once more he looked fondly at his mother—then came the releasing hand of eternal love, and he fell asleep.”

This is Jesus at the foot of the Cross dead in His Mother’s endearing young arms and is subtly referring to Nicodemus and Caspar; for they indeed may have died with these ideal circumstances.

So, Novalis goes into the Crucifixion to break the tide of eerie Death and breathe that breath into the act of dying to give it meaning.

Hymns: “Only a few days hung a deep veil over the roaring sea, over the quaking land—countless tears wept his loved ones—the mystery was unsealed—

heavenly spirits heaved the ancient stone from the gloomy grave.”

And so he goes on here poetically delineating the redemption of human kind. And so now I shall end this part of the apology in Novalis’ own words translated by George McDonnald and amended by me. Keep in mind that the underlined words are the only ones I replaced. George’s translation is very good; it only needed a little more imagination.

“Uplifted is the stone
And all mankind is risen
We all remain thine own.
And vanished is our prison.
All troubles flee their pone
Thy golden bowl in prism,
For Earth and Life give super
At the last and final supper.

To the marriage Death doth call
The virgins standeth back
The lamps burn lustrous all
Of oil there is no lack
If the distance would only fall
With the sound of you walking alack

And that the star would intone
Us all with human tongues and tone.

Unto thee O Mary
A thousand hearts aspire.
In this life of queries
Thee only they desire.
In thee they hope for flurries
With visionary pyre
If only thou, O holy behest
Could clasp them to thy breast.

With bitter torment burning,
So many whom are consumed
At last from this world turning
To thee have looked so subsumed,
Helpful thou hast appeared “Kerns[®]™-ing”
To so many in-fumed.
Now to them we Dane,
To never go out again.

At no grave can weep
Any whom love and pray.
The gift of Love they keep,
From none can it be taken away.
To soothe and quiet his peeping,
Night comes and “Taize’s” (inspires)

Heaven's children round Him dart
Watch and guard His Lovely Heart.

Have courage, for life is striding
To endless life configured;
Stretched by inner chiding,
Our sense becomes transfigured.
One day the stars abiding
Shall flow in golden wine prefigured,
We will enjoy it fine,
And as stars we shall (will) shine.

The love is given in surgeon,
And Separation is no more.
The whole life heaves and surges on
Like a sea without a shore.
Just One night of bliss Bonn (Germany)
One ever-lasting spore
And the sun we all shod
Is the face of God.

Apology
Part
Six

At this point of the poem, Novalis is exasperated to finally Die in a totality where there is no more distance to travel, only arrival at Dying's destination, where the tearing is finalized in open abandonment to unknowable Love. So for this closing of mine apology, I will clarify the final stanzas of Novails translated by George McDonnald and leave you with the thought.

Into the bosom of the earth,
Out of the Light's ray recapture,
Death's pains are but a bursting forth,
Sign of glad departure.
Swift in the narrow little boat,
Swift to the heavenly shore we float.

Blessed be the everlasting Night,
And blessed the endless slumber.
We are heated by the day too bright,
And withered up with plunder.
We're weary of a life of Rome, *(roam)*
And we now want our Father's home.

What in this world should we all
Do with love and with faith ex-facto?
That which is old is set to be-fall,
And the new may perish also.
Alone he stands and sore downcast
Who loves with pious warmth the Past.

The Past where the light of the band
In lofty flames did rise;
Where the Father's face and hand
All men did recognize;
And, with high sense, in simplicity
Many still fit the original constancy.

The Past wherein, still rich in bloom,
Man's strain did burgeon glorious,
And children, for the world to come so soon,
Sought pain and death victorious,
And, through both life and pleasure spake,
Yet many an heart for love did break.

The Past, where to the flow of youth
God still showed himself,
And truly to and early death
Did commit his sweet life.
Fear and torture patiently he bore
So that he would be loved forevermore.

With anxious yearning now we see
The Past in darkness drenched,
With this world's water never we
Shall find our hot thirst quenched.
To our old home we have to go
That blessed time again to know.

What yet doth hinder our return
To loved ones long reposed?
Their grave limits our lives concern.
We are all sad and indisposed.
We can search for nothing more cloyed--
The heart is full, the world is void.

Infinite and mysterious,
Thrills through us a sweet trembling--
As if from far there echoed thus
A sigh, our grief resembling.
Our loved ones yearn as well as we,
And sent to us this longing breeze.

Down to the sweet bride, and away
To the beloved Jesus.
Have courage, evening shades grow gray
To those who love and grieve us.
A dream will dash our chains' 'apps,'
And lay us in the Father's lap.